

The stony girthes of Citties: me thy puple,  
Yongest follower of thy Drom, instruct this day  
With military skill, that to thy lawde  
I may advance my Streamer, and by thee,  
Be stil'd the Lord o' th day, give me great Mars  
Some token of thy pleasure.

*Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard  
clanging of Armor, with a short Thunder as the burst of  
a Battaille, whereupon they all rise and bow to the Altar.*

O Great Corrector of enormous times,  
Shaker of ore-rank States, thou grand decider  
Of dustie, and old tytles, that healt with blood  
The earth when it is sicke, and curst the world  
O' th pluresie of people; I doe take  
Thy signes auspiciously, and in thy name  
To my designe; march boldly, let us goe. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter Palamon and his Knights, with the former obser-*  
*vance.*

*Pal.* Our stars must glister with new fire, or be  
To daie extinct; our argument is love,  
Which if the goddesse of it grant, she gives  
Victory too, then blend your spirits with mine,  
You, whose free noblenesse doe make my cause  
Your personall hazard; to the goddesse *Venus*  
Commend we our proceeding, and implore  
Her power unto our partie. *Here they kneele as formerly.*  
Haile Sovereigne Queene of secrets, who hast power  
To call the feircest Tyrant from his rage;  
And weepe unto a Girle; that ha' st the might  
Even with an ey-glance, to choke *Mars*'s Drom  
And turne th' alarme to whispers, that canst make  
A Cripple flourish with his Crutch, and cure him  
Before *Apollo*; that may' st force the King  
To be his subjects vassaile, and induce  
Stale gravitie to daunce, the pould Bachelour  
Whose youth like wanton Boyes through Bonfyres  
Have skipt thy flame, at seaventy, thou canst catch  
And make him to the scorne of his hearse throat

Abuse

Abuse yong laies of love; what godlike  
Hast thou not power upon? To *Phabus*  
Add' st flames, hotter then his the heaven  
Did scortch his mortall Son, thine him; th  
All mayst and cold, some say began to th  
Her Bow away, and sigh: take to thy gra  
Me thy vowd Souldier, who doe beare th  
As t'wer a wreath of Roses, yet is heavie  
Then Lead it selfe, stings more than Nect  
I have never beene foule mouthd against  
Nev'r reveald secret, for I knew none; w  
Had I kend all that were; I never pra  
Vpon mans wife, nor would the Libells  
Of liberall wits; I never at great feastes  
Sought to betray a Beautie, but have blu  
At simpring Sirs that did: I have beene l  
To large Confessors, and have hotly ask  
If they had Mothers, I had one, a woma  
And women t'wer they wrong'd. I kne  
Of eightie winters, this I told them, who  
A Lasse of foureteene bridged, twas thy p  
To put life into dust, the aged Crampe  
Had screw'd his square foote round,  
The Gout had knit his fingers into knot  
Torturing Convulsions from his globie  
Had almost drawne their spheeres, that  
In him seem'd torture: this *Anatomic*  
Had by his yong faire pheare a Boy, and  
Beleev'd it was his, for she swore it was,  
And who would not beleeve her? brief  
To those that prate and have done; no C  
To those that boast and have not; a defye  
To those that would and cannot; a Rejo  
Yea him I doe not love, that tells close of  
The fowlest way, nor names concealeme  
The boldest language, such a one I am,  
And vow that lover never yet made sigh  
Truer then I. O then most soft sweet go

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